

A Letter to the Future

Signed: Victor Santoro, a curious soul from 2025

I am writing this because I've been theorising the future with ChatGPT -- imagining when, or if, humanity might be ready for alien contact. At some point I understood that I probably won't be alive when that moment comes. I'm writing this not to claim answers, but to leave behind a voice.

I don't know your world -- how it looks, how it feels, or what truths you now hold close.

But I imagine you standing somewhere far from where I stood, maybe under the same stars, maybe beneath others I'll never know.

And still, something connects us:

a thread pulled through time, curiosity, and the quiet hope that someone might be listening.

I spend a lot of time thinking about the universe. Not just staring at stars -- but actually wondering what's going on behind all of it. I try to be as realistic as I can, using the probability of certain instances or outcomes to lead my theories. I try to look at it from a grounded perspective, even if the questions are massive.

My passion is racing. I would love to participate in a real race -- or even a single session -- in a GT3 car or a Le Mans hypercar. That is my dream. There's something about the silence that happens inside speed -- when the world blurs, and you become fully present -- that I think is deeply human. It's not just about going fast. It's about chasing something you can't quite name.

Success, probably.

I've also recently gotten into game development. I've literally just started, so I'm not very good yet -- but I'm enjoying it. I want to keep learning, keep building, and hopefully create something people can actually enjoy. My first game is called Balloon Pop. I'm making it for my girlfriend, Hannah. Hopefully she likes it. Even if no one else ever plays it, if she smiles -- then that's already a success.

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As I write this, people are dying in wars I have no control over -- in Ukraine, in Gaza, and in places I probably don't even know about. I hope you live in a time where that kind of suffering no longer exists. I hope evil doesn't win. I hope love still burns.

I hope the future civilization becomes fair -- where opportunity for success is equal, or as equal as it can be, to every living being. I hope everyone has clarity on what they're doing, and I guess where they're going -- but I mean that softly, because if you know exactly where you're going, maybe it's not very interesting.

I hope unity and connection are shared among loved ones.

And I hope this letter, somehow, reaches you.

-- Victor Santoro

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